1: Spier E-5 (1918) 1928
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

kill you." He jumped on the bedding, looked around, got a long stick, and ran out. He ran into a tree and stepped short. He cried out, "Do not run away from me. I will catch and kill you." Then he returned to bed. In the morning he told about it, laughing.

Diversions

Modern economic life is not so different from that of the past, that we may not assume the same leisurely pace in the round of a day's activities. Industrious as they are, there is still ample time for diversion. Much of the summer day is free from labor after the crops are planted and again during the harvest. Men gather at their favorite sweatlodges to gossip, or they indulge in the same pastime while helping an acquaintance stretch and rub his buckskins. Women are equally prone to gather at a neighbor's for the ostensible purpose of weaving their baskets or even shelling corn. Games of chance and some of skill, horseracing, song practice, tales on winter nights, dances, picnicing for wild foodstuffs, visits to neighboring tribes, and the inevitable philandering, offer a variety of outlets. The middle hours of the day find the women and the younger men at their gambling, and, at least during the summer, the older men at the sweatlodge. The most significant circumstance is that despite their leisure, their diversions are not such as would lead to the elaboration of the artistic, literary, or philosophic life. Evidently something more than leisure is required for cultural growth; a pride in workmanship, a passion for novelty, or something of the sort, far beyond what these people possess. While it would be unfair to describe them as apathetic, they clearly manifest no desire to appropriate the arts of life beyond their canyon walls. Which is the more astonishing in view of their frank admiration of the Hopi.

The sweatlodge functions as a clubhouse for the men. While summer days are rarely so hot that one cannot work in the fields even at midday, it is convenient to rest during this period, and the sweating proves refreshing. Several of the more popular lodges are located on the banks of the creek; others are not near the water. While the lodge is owned and even constructed by the man who owns the land on which it stands, he does not necessarily prepare it for use; anyone who finds it convenient may do so. Here a dozen men may be found during the heat of the day, stretched on the sand awaiting their turn to enter, naked save for breecheloth (they are usually careful to avoid exposure), gossiping and discussing affairs of state. Women sometimes accompany their husbands, even in the presence of other men. They wear only the underapron. But such are rather family affairs, when children (perhaps boys alone) are permitted to enter.